

P O E M,

Occasion'd by the Late

Famous Victory

O F

A U D E N A R D.

Humbly Inscrib'd to the Honourable

ROBERT HARLEY, Esq;

By LEONARD WELSTED, Gent.

*Salve magna Parens frugum, BRITANNICA Tellus,
Magna Virum: tibi res antiquæ laudis & artis
Ingredior, sanctos ausus recludere fontes.*

Virg. Georg. Lib. 2.

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O For that Heav'nly Voice, that pierc'd so high,
 As bore ELIZA to her Native Sky!
 Or that no less renowned Bard's, whose Tongue
 With Accents all divine, with Musick hung,
 Immortal BOYNE, and NASSAU's Glory sung!
 O that my feeble Eccho I cou'd raise,
 To the high Pitch of their Eternal Lays!
 But let not All presumptuously pursue
 What is so Sacred, and reveal'd to few.
 Strong must the Plume, and daring be the Flight,
 That wou'd attempt to reach that wondrous Height:
 True Genuin Blood must the young Eagle grace,
 Who stands the Sun, and braves his fiery Face.

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Yet, since exalted Worth may so prevail,
 As to create a Muse, tho' Nature fail;
 Since, if these Lines to future Ages last,
 The Poet, not the Hero, is disgrac'd;
 They'll only weep, to see great PHILIP's Son,
 Dress'd up again, to CHÆRILUS's Tune.

Her meanest Son then let not BRITAIN blame,
 Who wou'd commend his Country's Praise to Fame,
 Her Prowess, and Her generous Might record,
 In the fair Actions of this valiant Lord.

How swiftly the wing'd Warrior takes his Way,
 To reach the Foe, and sieze the flying Prey!
 How, like a breaking Cloud, portending Ire,
 With Thunder charg'd, impregnated with Fire,
 He darts through all their Files: Despair and Fear
 Hangs on their Flight, and hovers o'er their Rear.
 How LEWIS, inscious of his Glory lost,
 Sees not the fatal Blow that BRUGES cost;
 Reckons to what vast Profit GHENT amounts,
 With haughty Pomp his little Gain recounts:
 Dilates his Heart, his swelling Pride displays,
 Then loudly calls lost FLANDERS his, and says;

Wellcome, thou Earnest of succeeding Bliss,
 Of Days more happy, more august than this.
 Fortune, I find, repents her foolish Flight,
 And wou'd atone for having been so light.
 She, who my Youth with Constancy did bless,
 And tickled sweet Ambition with Success;
 Who swell'd my Lordly Hopes, with equal Pride,
 Lavishly good, and partial to my Side;
 Tho' once the Wanderer, (senseless as she was)
 Mock'd Expectation, and deny'd my Cause;
 Yet now grows kinder, courts me, and appears
 Just to my later and declining Years.
 Stay then, light Goddess, stay.—Ha! — what News now?
 Is AUDENARD, at last, invested too?
 SPAIN, thou art mine, tho' fought with Wars Alarms;
 Thee, FLANDERS, will I grasp within my Arms.
 Tremble, thou *Northern* Heresie, and dread
 The fatal Ruin, hanging o'er thy Head;
 I'll shake thee sure, and for that Female Thing
 Set up my own, my Tributary King.

Idle, fantastick Rage, Delusion all!
 The Monarch in his gaudy Dream must fall;
 For BRITAIN'S Chief the little Arts disowns,
 Of stealing Castles, or surprizing Towns;
 Such abject Purposes his Soul disdains,
 By Arms he conquers, and by Force he gains;
 Flies, like some Mighty Minister of Fate,
 These to pull down, and those to reinstate;

Right to establish, Justice to decree,
 To vanquish, and to set the Vanquish'd free.
 Like Consuls, who, with generous Pity sway'd,
 Spurn'd not the Vassal, which their Arms had made ;
 Nor meanly did insult their Captives Woes,
 But made Free Citizens of conquer'd Foes.
 Let FRANCE, for violating Leagues renown'd,
 FRANCE, to her Promise never faithful found,
 Let Her present inglorious Actions fair,
 And finely call them Stratagems of War.
 BRITON, 'tis thine to stride among the slain,
 To shake the Spear, and battel in the Plain.
 The Sword let others for Ambition wield,
 Or for the Spoils and Harvest of a Field :
 Let Interest urge on others to be brave,
 To gain new Conquests, or their old to save.
 BRITON, 'tis thine in Fields of Blood to toil,
 And fight, that others may enjoy the Spoil.
 These be thy Arts, and this thy lasting Praise,
 To scourge the Insolent, the Weak to raise ;
 To fly where-e'er wrong'd Justice calls aloud,
 To aid the Injur'd, and subdue the Proud.

And see! the Mighty Champion leads to Fame,
 With Victory and Fortune in his Name;
 He drives the hunted *Gaul* from Place to Place,
 Hot in Pursuit, and eager in the Chace;
 Bears on the flying Foe in full Career,
 And shews that Vengeance is as swift as Fear.
 So a fierce Tyger in *Numidia's* Plain,
 Breathing out Wrath, and boiling with Disdain,
 When some ignoble meaner Beast he spies,
 Dread in his Looks, and Light'ning in his Eyes,
 With furious Joy he starts, then shoots away,
 At once secure and greedy of his Prey.

At length, with rude Indignities o'er-born,
 Vex'd with repeated Marks of Hostile Scorn,
 Like that low Reptile which, when proudly spurn'd,
 Hath at reiterated Insults turn'd;
 The *Gaul*, his Hosts drawn up in deep Array,
 Resolves to stand the Shock, and bear the Fray.

Arm'd with Despair from whence his Courage grows,
 Necessity instructs him to oppose,
 To face the bold Invader, and confront his Foes.
 So the swift Stag, when the close Chase draws near,
 And thicker Cries invade his trembling Ear;
 When heavily he pants along the Mound,
 And scarce, but scarce eludes the doubtful Wound:
 Relies no longer on his winged Speed,
 But trusts his clashing Beams, his armed Head;
 And brandishing sublime his shady Brow,
 Was not so swift before as desp'rate now:
 For since he must become the Hunters Prey,
 He is resolv'd to fall a nobler Way,
 Turns furious on the Chace, and stands at Bay.

Now the stout BRITAINS to the Charge advance
 With the shrill Clarion, and the trembling Lance;
 The wanton Ensigns play, and all around
 With glitt'ring Armour shines the waving Ground.
 Methinks I see in solemn Pomp appear
 The beauteous Shape and Figure of the War;
 The decent Order in each Cohort seen,
 And ev'ry haughty Warrior's graceful Mein;
 The thick embattel'd Squadrons in Array,
 Lovelily dreadful, and in Horror gay.

One of tall Stature at the Head appears,
 Like a large Bull his spacious Front who rears
 Amongst the Herd, and Lords it o'er the Mead;
 Majestical his Eyes and Princely Head,
 High, Eminent, and all the Ranks above,
 Like *Mars* his Posture, and his State like *Jove*.

The Hero's Presence makes the Soldier glow,
 And menace Death and Vengeance to the Foe;
 Each Nod's tremendous, as the Shock begins,
 Each from the *Gallick* Arms a Trophy wins.
 Like a fierce Torrent with impetuous Sway,
 Thro' broken Legions mowing out their Way;
 Slaughter and Death around the Field they spread,
 And heap the dying on the numerous dead.
 But lo! while Horror and Confusion join,
 And round each Host their sable Arms entwine,

Unchang'd in Mind the valiant Leader stands;
 Calmly distributing his wise Commands;
 Fix'd on his Purpose, and his Thought sedate,
 His Temper steady and unmov'd as Fate,
 Like that he guides the War, and smiles to own
 What he so soon determines, sooner done.
 But if he finds the dubious Battel veer,
 As swift as Thought he brings his Thunder there,
 And forces back the Byas of the War;
 Scatters around the Host ten thousand Fears,
 And Terroure, like a *Gorgon*, on his Crest appears.
 So *Jove*, enthron'd in peaceful State above,
 Serenely views this lower Fabrick move;
 Hears undisturb'd the boistrous Winds engage,
 Hears the rough Ocean roar and Billows rage;
 On the World's Business is sedately bent,
 And guides the most minute, or great Event:
 But if Mankind with impious Rage revolt,
 The Thunderer assumes his angry Bolt,
 With a loud Voice comes rattling through the Skies,
 And deals Almighty Vengeance as he flies.

O! hadst thou in some former Age been born,
 The *Greek*, or *Roman* Muses to adorn;
 Had they beheld thy Martial Deeds of old,
 What Stories had been rais'd, what Fables told;
 How Blue-ey'd *Pallas* in your Chariot rode;
 A Suit of Armour giv'n you by a God;
 You'd been deriv'd from some high Dame above,
 And cou'd not have been less than Third from *Jove*.

The Princely Youth of HANNOVERIAN Line,
 In whom his Godlike Father's Virtues shine,
 Who cheers BRITANNIA with a distant Ray,
 BRITANNIA'S earliest Hopes and dawning Day,
 Beholds with equal Wonder and Applause
 Thy Gallant Actions, worthy of the Cause
 Which mov'd those Actions first; urg'd on to Fame,
 His youthful Breast is fir'd with Rival Flame.
 Heroick Thoughts within his Bosom roll,
 And his Eyes speak the Purpose of his Soul.
 Somewhat in Danger lovely he describes,
 Then like a Falcon to the Quarry flies

Brisk

Brisk and undaunted braves impendent Doom,
 Tho' young, and all his Glory in the Bloom;
 Thro' crimson Streams of Blood pursues Renown,
 Tho' to an Empire born, and destin'd to a Throne.

If the great Deeds of *Thetis'* Godlike Son,
 So many Years in long Succession gone,
 The Heroe dead and mouldred, cou'd inspire
 The Seed of AMMON with so bright a Fire;
 If *Homer's* Draughts cou'd add to ev'ry Blow
 New Strength, and make him lead his *Persian* Foe
 In Captive Pomp; well may *Augustus* feel
 His youthful Breast with love of Glory swell:
 Who no less Deeds has always in his Sight,
 And views upon the Plain as great a Warrior fight.

I see my blooming Hero cover'd o'er
 With comely Dust, and richly clad in Gore;
 Involv'd in Night, and Battel's sable Shroud;
 As the bright Sun envelop'd in a Cloud.
 Like nimble *Mercury* I see him move,
 His feather'd Plume shakes like a Laurel Grove,
 While he rides stern and furious on the Foe,
 Rearing his Arm, and bounding from the Blow.
 Such was young *Harry* in BULLINGBROOK's Days;
 From *Hotspur's* Head he pluck'd the envy'd Bays:
 Equal in Youth, and like in Arms he stood,
 And by his Virtue prov'd his Title good.

Mistaken Youth, thy flatter'd Hopes bemoan,
 Proudly adorn'd with Titles not thy own.
 No more expect to guide the promis'd Helm,
 That fancy'd Kingdom, and that Fairy Realm;
 Behold what Laurels, in the *Flandrian* Plains,
 Thy great Competitor for Empire gains:
 How in his Looks the Sovereign's Air he bears,
 And in each Act the Royal Stamp appears.
 Or if thou'rt bent upon Delusion still,
 Why wilt thou mimick Majesty so ill?
 If yet th' Idea's round thy Fancy play
 Of Pow'r, Dominion, and Imperial Sway;
 Why court'st thou not War's terrible Alarms,
 To combat, and dispute thy Right in Arms?

Why

Why dost thou not advance, and bravely dare
 That youthful Champion to decisive War?
 Thou didst not from our Ancient Worthies spring,
 Thou Royal Shade, thou Image of a King:
 Vain as thou art, like that fam'd *Macedon*,
 Who bad the Priest declare him *Ammon's* Son.
 To scorn thy Earth-born Parent's mean Abodes,
 And claim the Lineage of the BRITISH Gods.
 Such BRITAIN'S Chief, such is the Royal Heir,
 Who must Imperial BRITAIN'S Scepter bear:
 Well then may struggling *Gallia* quit the Field,
 And well to such Superior Virtue yield.
 For what can weaker Tyranny oppose,
 To BRITISH Freedom, and th' united Rose?
 How can Oppression singly stem in Fight
 The Force of Union, Liberty and Right?
 TALLARD'S ill Stars on each new Leader wait,
 And what was VILLEROY'S, is VENDOM'S Fate.
 No more let Fortune be arraign'd as blind,
 Fickle as Seas, inconstant as the Wind:
 No more let Poets prostitute her Name
 To palliate Error, and detract from Fame.
 With Virtue Hand in Hand the Goddess goes,
 And bears the Brave triumphant on their Foes;
 She sports with Fools, and with her Cowards plays,
 Stoops to the Valiant, and the Great obeys.
 They with superior Majesty command,
 And teach the wav'ring Deity to stand.
 Thus was great *Cæsar* and *Gustavus* rais'd,
 Fortune on both with equal Wonder gaz'd,
 With constant Favours did the Heroes crown,
 And they deserv'd her Smile, but were above her Frown.
 In vain to Arts great BOURBON has recourse,
 And specious Bribery, his usual Force;
 In vain he waves his shining gilded Spear,
 And plays the foolish Sophister in War.
 Not so the BRITISH Chief; with Sword in Hand,
 (Like brave *Camillus* in the *Latian* Land,
 When before *Rome's* high Capitol he came,
 Demanding Justice in his Country's Name;)
 He turns the Ballance in the *Gallick* Scales,
 And 'tis not glitt'ring Gold, but the keen Steel prevails.

Thus shaken as she is and worn with Care,
 Can *France* again her shatter'd Force repair?
 Will she not sink beneath the fatal Blast,
 And like a dying Taper blaze her last?
 Or will these Lillies still look pale and mourn,
 Yet with the Summer, brisk and gay return?
 Will they ne'er fall, that do so often shake?
 How can they always bend, and never break?
 Shall M A R L B R Ô's Sword still conquer as before;
 And shall there still be room to conquer more?

Yes, still that Ornament of Virtue's Name,
 That mighty Favourite and Friend of Fame,
 Shall, like great C Y R U S, Heav'n's darling Son,
 Go on successful, as he first begun;
 Make haughty *Gallia's* proudest Turrets bend,
 And o'er the Continent his Arms extend;
 A suffering Monarch's injur'd Cause maintain,
 'Till he his Empire has, her Freedom *Spain*:
 That thus defeating *France's* vast Designs,
 We may not tremble with her Western Mines;
 That the new World no more may vex the old,
 Nor *Europe's* Freedom shake with *India's* Gold.

Then, when fair Liberty triumphat rides,
 And sacred Justice o'er the World presides;
 When smiling Plenty her gay Trains shall spread,
 And silken Peace erect her downy Head;
 The Victor (as of old the *Latian* Hind,
 That was Dictator, conquer'd and resign'd)
 To those much fam'd Recesses shall retreat,
 The Mansion of the Muses, C H A U C E R's Seat.
 Thither the B R I T I S H S C I P I O shall retire,
 Where once the B R I T I S H E N N I U S run'd his Lyre:
 Who sung so well of War and Martial Deeds,
 To his Abodes the God of War succeeds;
 That sacred Monument of Right restor'd,
 Which G L O R I A N A gave the B R I T I S H Lord;
 Where *Blenheim's* Ruins so augustly rise,
 Her humble Seat's translated to the Skies.

In the fair Palace shall be seen Engrav'd
 Kingdoms Subdu'd, and sinking Empires Sav'd.
 Here breathing Statues shall salute our Eyes,
 That boldly from the polish'd Basis rise,
 Triumphant Figures, that at once proclaim
 The Workman's Skill, and the Great Hero's Fame.
 There curious Plans, with nice Proportion true,
 Shall offer to the pleas'd Spectators View
 Each different Scene and Theatre of War :
 Here MARLBRO' Fought; the Brave EUGENIO there.
 While in each Space elaborately Fine,
 Descriptions and Illustrious Mottoes shine.
 Whate'er by th' Architect's Device is wrought,
 The Painter's Fancy, or the Poet's Thought.

Strangers shall here, and Travellers resort,
 To see the Beauties of this Rural Court,
 And ravish'd with Delight, and struck with Awe,
 In Miniature the lovely Model draw ;
 That to each Foreign Land they may impart
 BRITAIN'S Politeness seen, in VANBRUGH'S ART.

Near this, my Muse a pleasing Object sees,
 A spacious Park adorn'd with aged Trees ;
 Where, Fall and Spring, the Deer, a stately Crew,
 Lose their old Ornaments, and teem with new ;
 Proud, like unthinking Man, and vainly Gay,
 With Things that soon spring up, and soon decay.
 The Victor here, his Consort by his side,
 With Gold and glitt'ring Trappings deck'd shall ride.
 Nimble the Goddess shall divide the Air,
 And thro' the Stag transfix her Silver Spear.
 Which dying will confess the lucky Chance,
 And proudly fall by Fair *Diana's* Lance.

Hard by, a Landskip sweet, a Sylvan Scene,
 Cool artful Grotts, and shady Bowers are seen ;
 Thro' which the whistling Vernal Zephir breaths
 An Od'rous Smell, and tunes the trembling Leaves.
 The Crystal Streams in wild Meanders run,
 Glide thro' the Grove, and murmur gently on ;

While

While *Flora* spreads her Fragrant Sweets around,
 And richly damasks the embroider'd Ground;
 With all we can desire, of *Eden's* Stream,
 And all the Antients of *Elysum* dream.

Here shall the Hero; with himself confer,
 Of State, of Politicks, of Peace, and War,
 Of antient Prudence; nor sometimes forget
 Great *Henry's* Love, and *Rosomonda's* Fate;
 Her Fate; who could a Royal Heart ensnare:
 Beauteous indeed and Young; yet happier far,
 Had Nature not mistook, but form'd aright,
 Her Mind more virtuous, or her Eyes less bright.
 How here the Monarch did his Passion prove,
 Lost in his guilty Labyrinth of Love;
 How in that Charmer's mournful Death was seen,
 The just Revenge of his heroick Queen.
 Then shall he bless that bright Immortal Dame,
 Whose equal Beauty, but much fairer Fame,
 Crowns his chaste Wishes, and adorns his Flame.

Ye Goddesses, inhabiting the Woods,
 The Hills, the Fertile Dales, and Silver Floods,
 Mix Flowers of various hue with nicest Skill,
 The Rose, the Violet, and Daffodil;
 A shady Branch let Old *Sylvanus* find,
 The Victor's Brow with sacred Wreaths to bind;
 With burnish'd Fruit bestrew'd around his Feet,
 His wish'd Arrival let *Pomona* greet;
 And, *Pan*, prepare thy shriller Notes to raise,
 And Tune thy Oaken Reed to *MARLBRO's* Praise:
 For see, he comes to beautifie the Glades,
 And spend his peaceful Days in Rural Shades;
 Great *MARLBRO* comes, whose Ever-conqu'ring Hand
 Brings Peace and Safety Home to *Albion's* Land.
 Who like the Sun upon your Harvest shines,
 Secures your Plenty, and Protects your Shrines.

F I N I S